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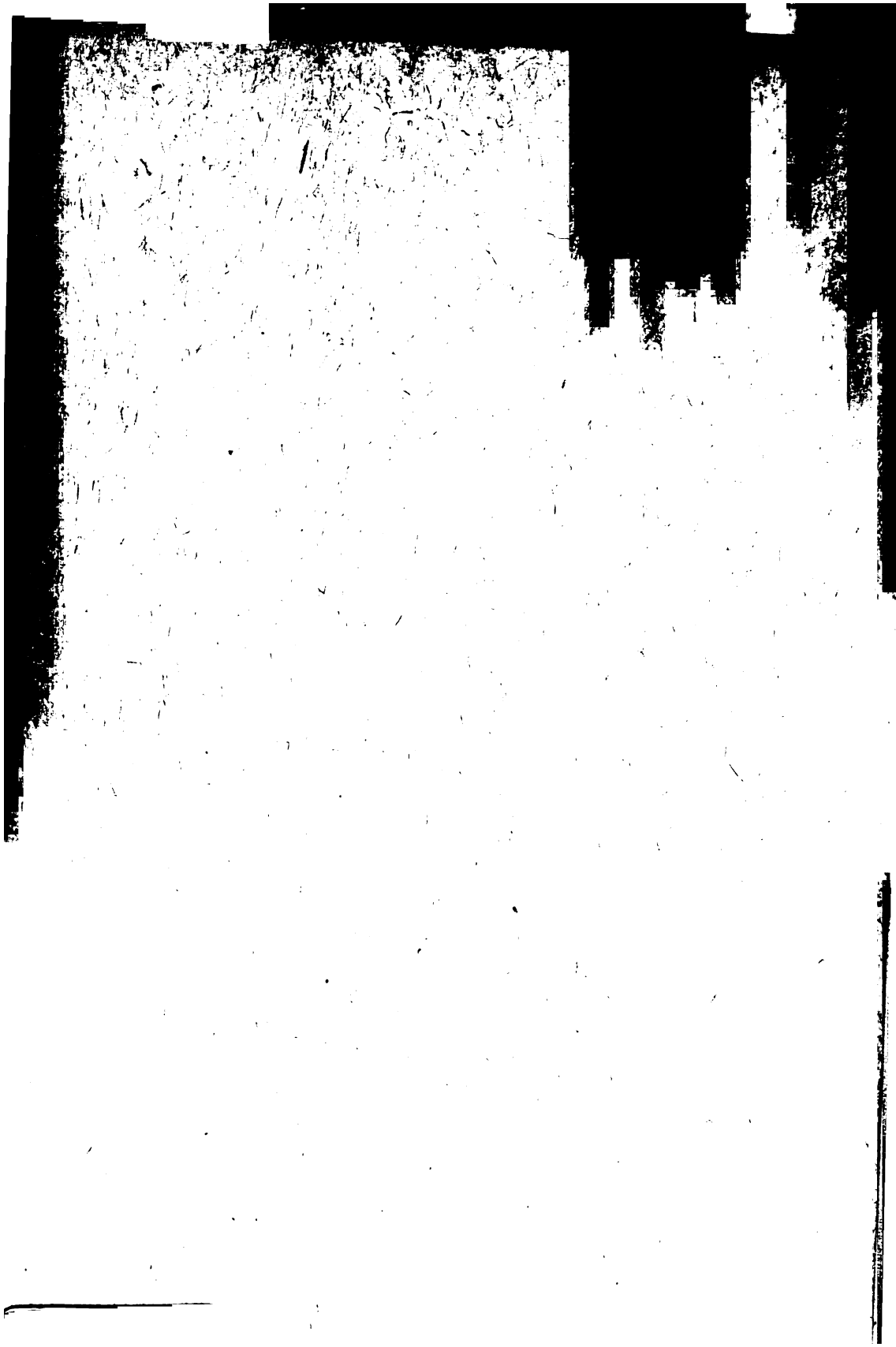
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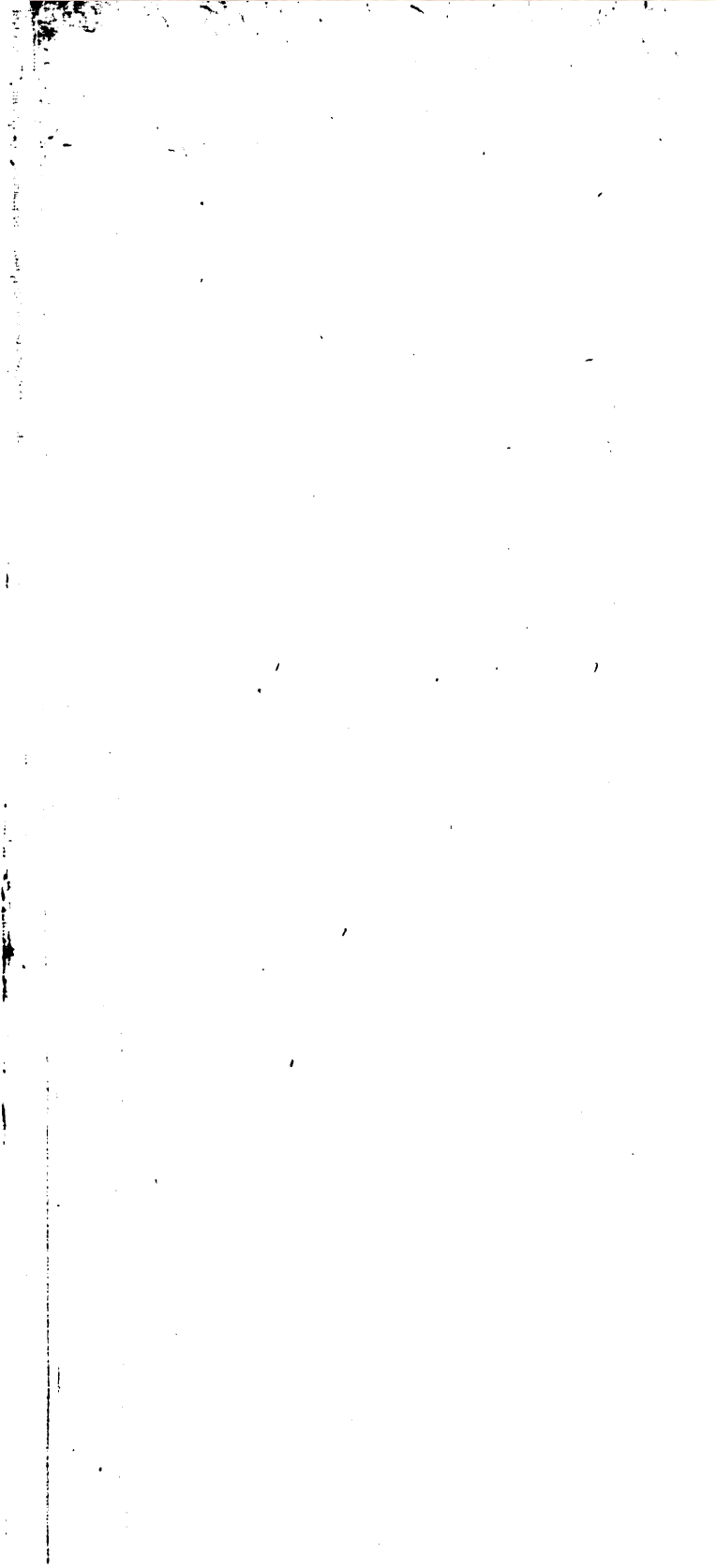
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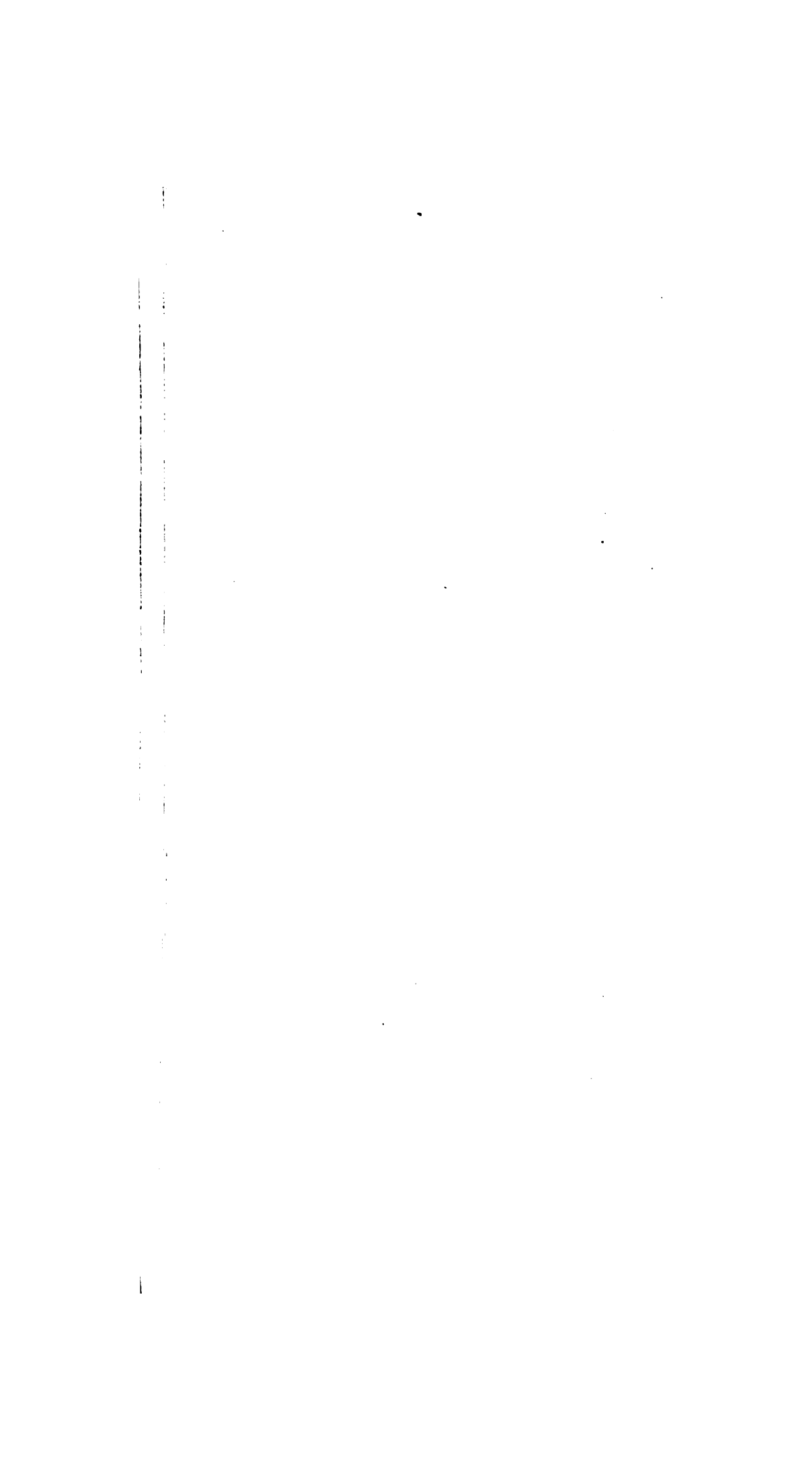


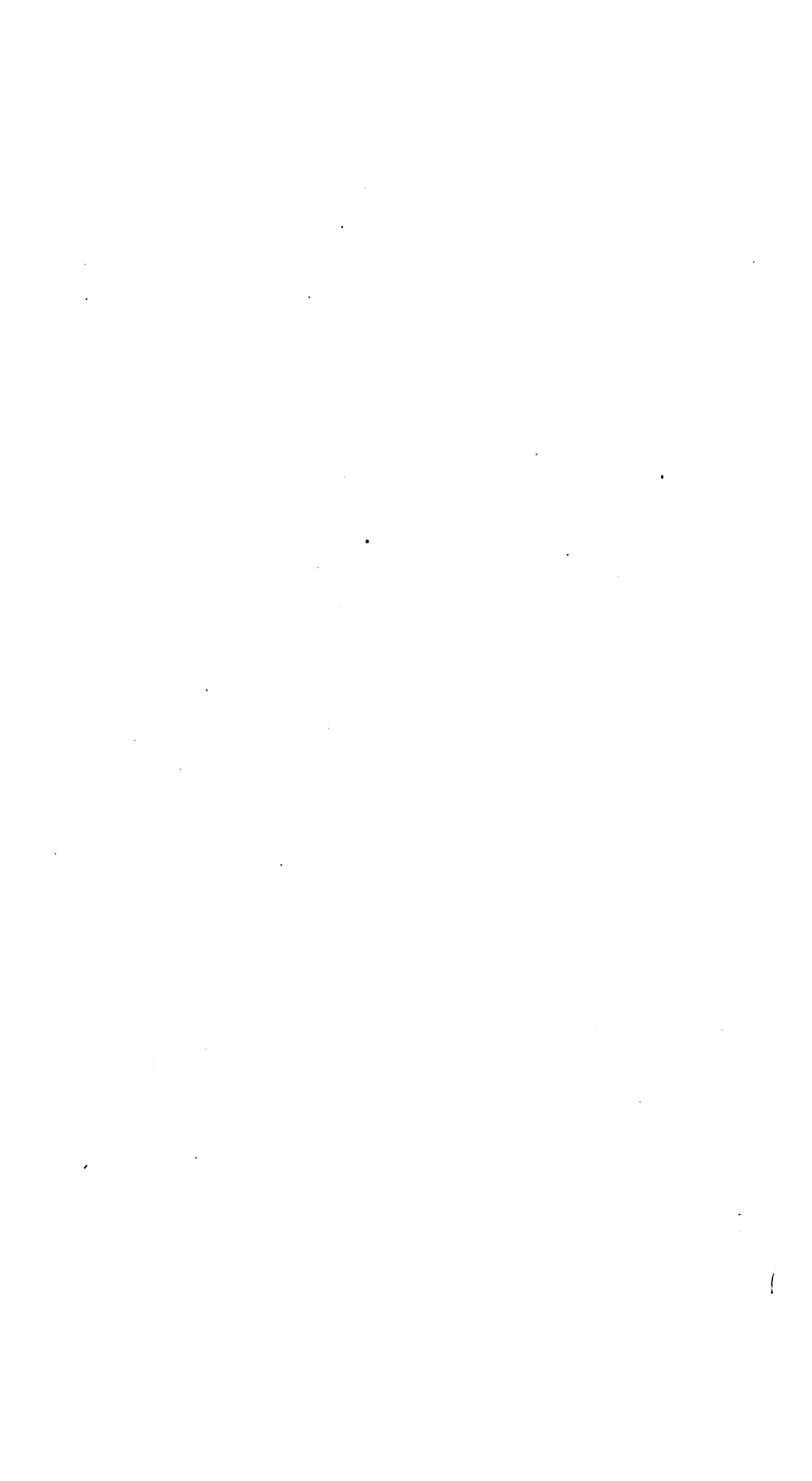
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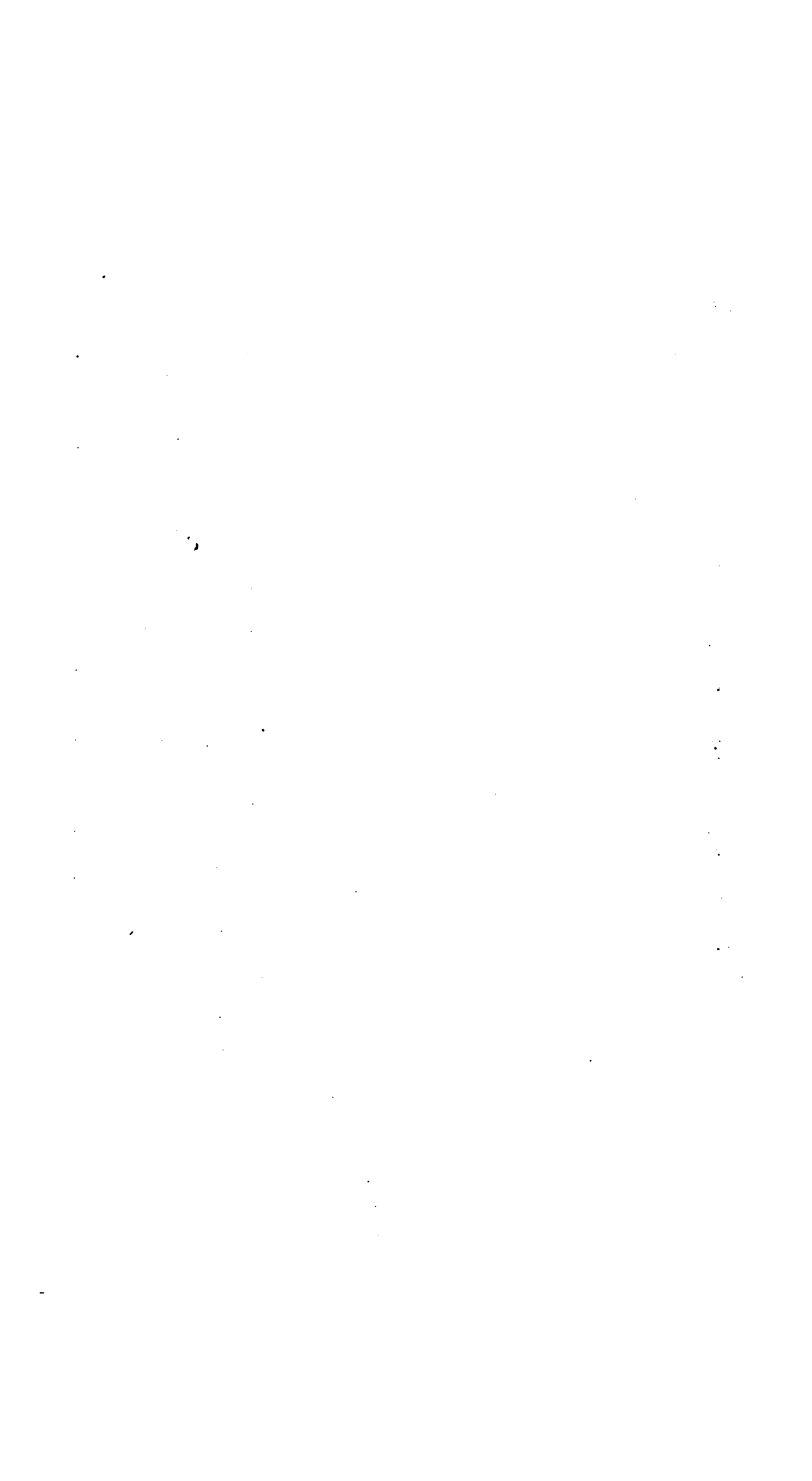






131. Facsimile copies taken from the edition of
tragedy of Hamlet dated in 1605, made for
showing that it is the same impression as
the date only being altered. 4to. *The imp*
to twenty-six copies Ashbee and Da

*The impression of this work is strictly limited
copies.*



Fac-Simile Copies

FROM THE

EDITION OF HAMLET

DATED 1605,

MADE FOR THE PURPOSE OF SHOWING

THAT IT IS THE SAME IMPRESSION AS THAT OF 1604,

THE DATE ONLY BEING ALTERED.

EDITED BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S.

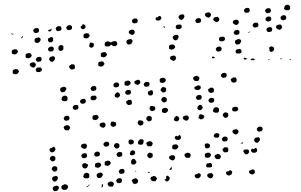
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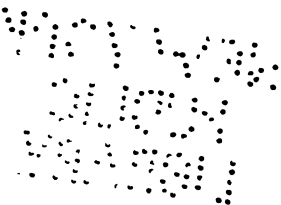
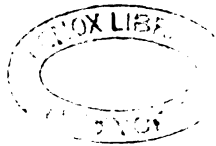
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1860.

Y.P.S.





PREFACE.

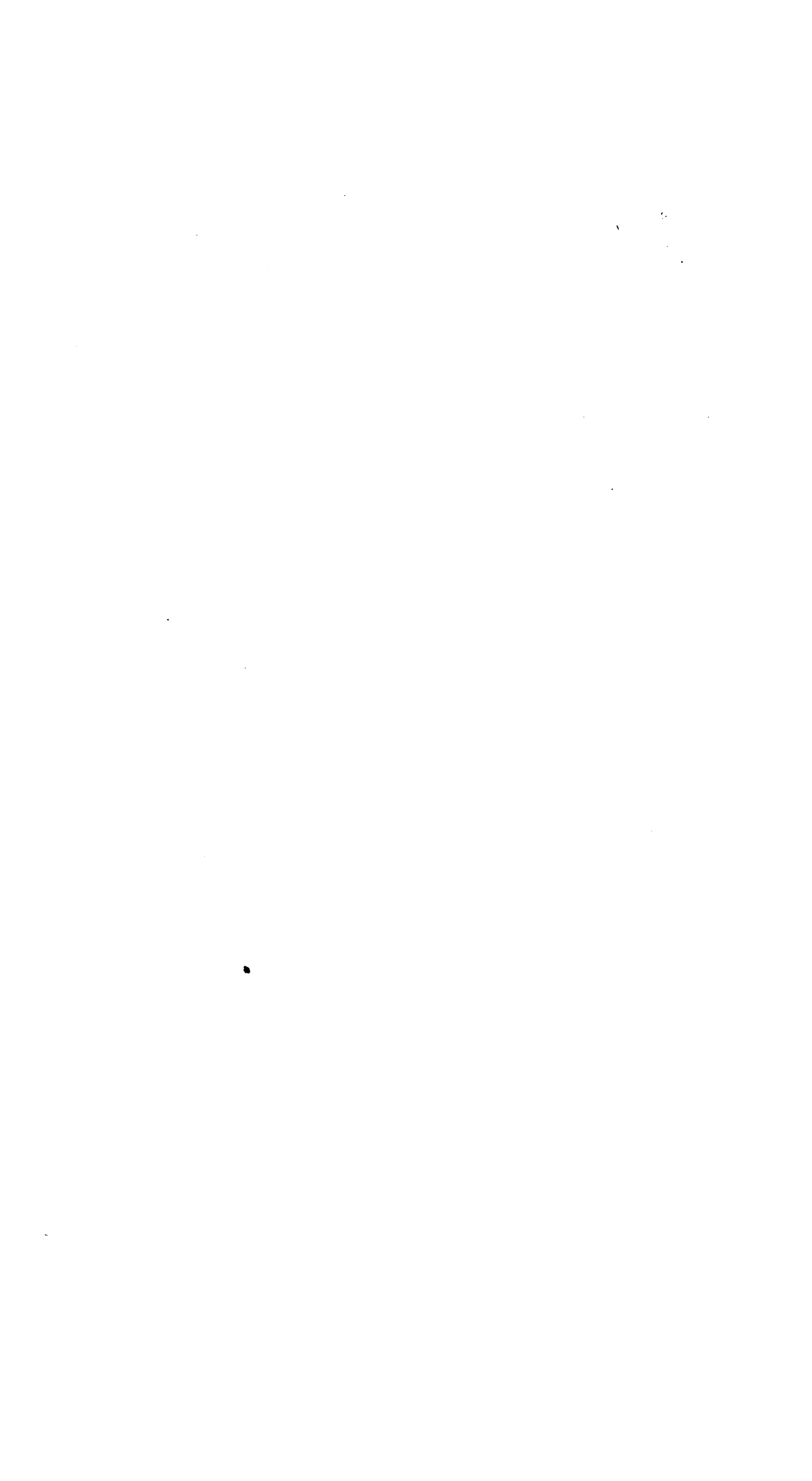
EVERY one of the early editions of HAMLET is of singular rarity. Only two copies are known, both being imperfect, of the surreptitious copy of 1603. Of the first complete edition, first issued in 1604, only three copies are known ; namely, those in the Devonshire, Howe, and Huth collections. The impression of 1605 is of at least equal, if not greater, rarity than that of 1604. I only know of one perfect copy of it, that which is preserved in the Capell collection. Another copy, wanting the last leaf, is in the British Museum.

It was not until Mr. Collier, in 1859, superintended a fac-simile of the edition of 1604, from the copy in the Devonshire collection, that I was enabled to compare that impression with the one issued in the following year. I now find that it is the same book, printed from the same forms, the date on the title being the only alteration. The typographical variations appear to be of the most trifling description. The only one to be traced in the fac-similes now given is in the signature on the last page, which is marked "G 2" in Mr. Collier's fac-simile, but is rightly given as "O 2" in the edition of 1605.

The fac-simile of the last page is taken from the copy in the Capell collection. The other fac-similes are from the copy in the British Museum.

March 1860.

THE HAMLET OF



T H E
Tragicall Historie
H A M L E T

Prince of Denmark

By William Shakespear

Newly imprinted and enlarged to a
agaïne as it was, according to the true
Coppie.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Ch
Fleetstreet. 1605.



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **W**Hose there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco,*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meere *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*

The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night.

Exit Fran.

B.

Mar.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night ?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saiestis but our fantasie,

And will not let beliefe take holde of him,

Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs ;

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

That if againe this apparifion come,

He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tuih, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares ;

That are so fortified against our story,

What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,

Had made his course t'illumine that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King ? marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

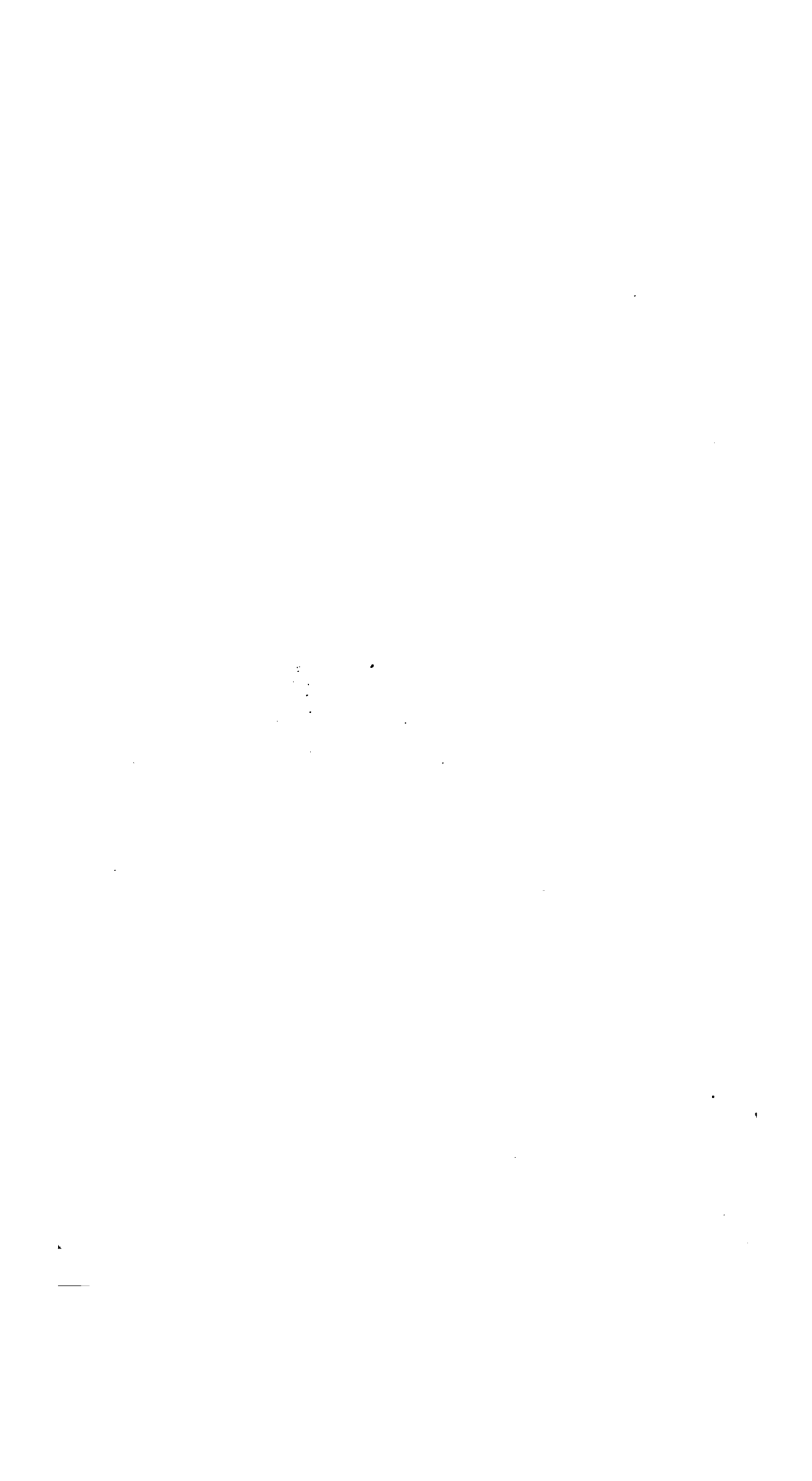
In which the Maestie of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora.



Prince of Denmar

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to sple
lings, vvho for the most part are capable c
ble dumbe shoves, and noyse: I would ha
ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods H

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let
your tutor, sute the action to the word, the
this speciall obseruance, that you ore-stepp
ture: For any thing so ore-dooone, is from
whose end both at the first, and novve, was
the Mirroure vp to nature, to shew vertue he
Image, and the very age and body of the tim
Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, the
full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious
which one, must in your allowance ore-weig
thers. O there be Players that I haue seene
praysd, and that highly, not to speake it prop
uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of
man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I ha
tures Iornimen had made men, and not mad
ted humanitie so abheminably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indi

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thof
speake no more then is set downe for them, f
wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantit
to laugh to, though in the meane time, for
the play be then to be considered, that's villat
pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: go
now my Lord, will the King heare this pcece

Enter Polonius, Gvyldesterne, & i

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presentl

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. Will you

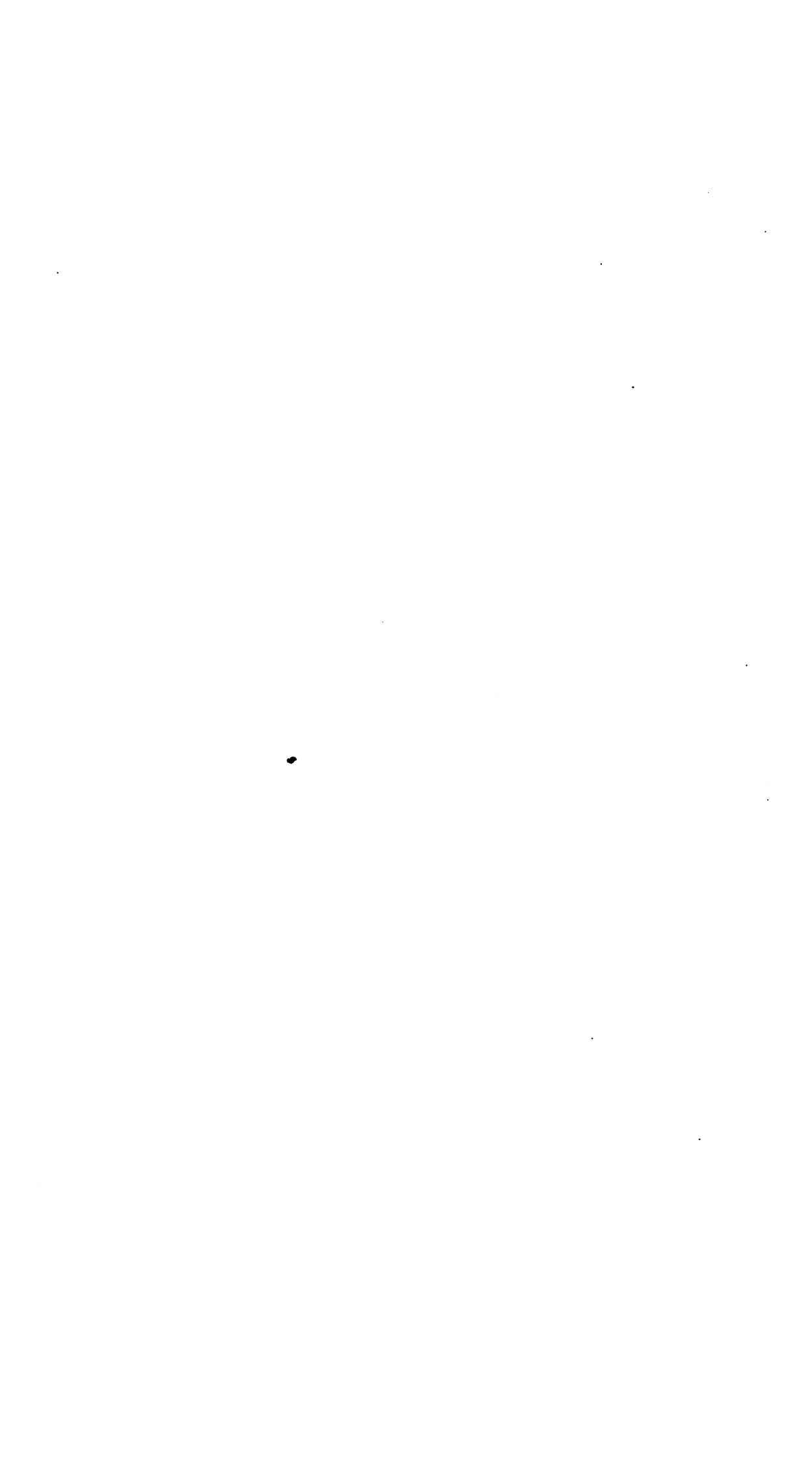
Ref. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter*

Flora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art een asiust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.



The Tragedie of Ha

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from the
That no reueneue hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the po
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pom
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the kn
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost tho
Since my deare soule was mistress of her choic
And could of men distinguish her election,
S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast b
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are t
Whose blood and iudgement are so well cor
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: giue me th
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare h
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstan
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue scene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyn
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I

Prince of Denma.

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from
Are heere arriued, giue order that these be
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing wor
How these things came about ; so shall yo
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaught
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no ca
And in this vpsnot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads : all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortun
I haue some rights, of memory in this king
Which now to clame my vantage doth int

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to spe
And from his mouth, whose voyce will dra
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least m
On plots and errores happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall ; and for his p
The souldiers musicke and the right of war
Speake loudly for him :
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoves much :
Goe bid the souldiers shoote. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

E. M.
X 5

